A Little Book of Bores

By Oliver Herford

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A LITTLE BOOK OF BORES

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By

Oliver Herford

With Pictures by the Author

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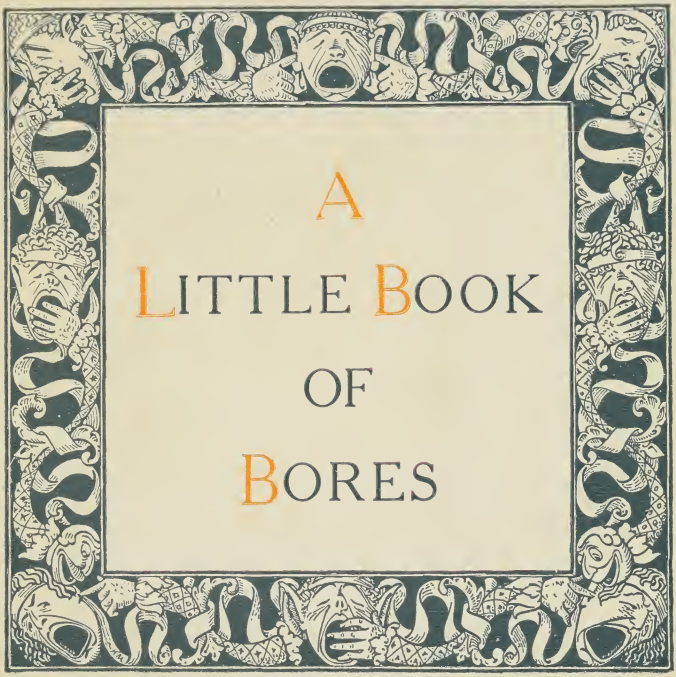

A
LITTLE BOOK
OF
BORES

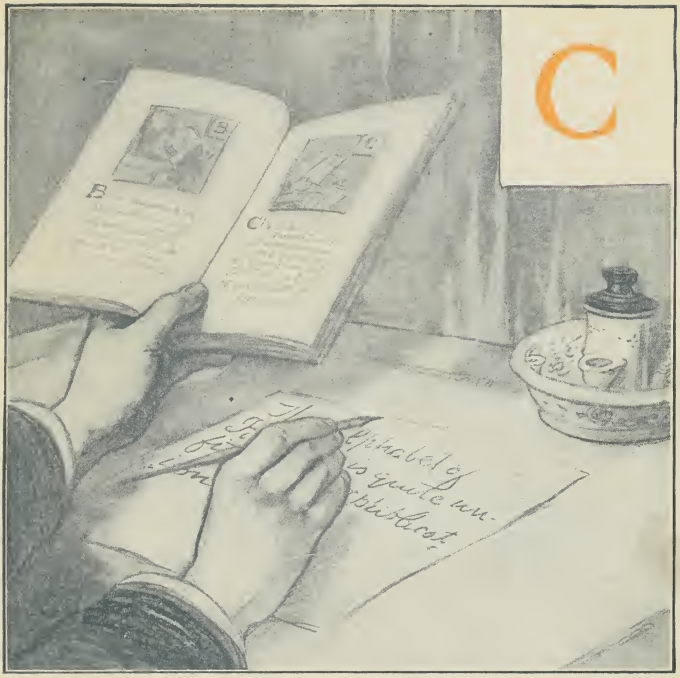
A is the Autograph Bore
Whom Authors so loudly deplore,
Tho' it's probable quite,
If the Dears ceased to write,
They'd deplore even more than
before.

W. D. Howells
A

B is a Bounder *Blasé*
Who likes to appear quite *au-fait,*
He purses his lips,
As his Rhine wine he sips,
Though he doesn't know Hock
from Tokay.

B

C's a Critic—Far be it from me
With a time-honoured craft to make free.
All Praise I accord
Good Critics—but Lord!
What a Bore a *Bad* Critic can be!


C

D is a Decadent Dreary
Whose works are depressing & eerie;
If you ask his Excuse
For Existence, or Use,
I fear I can't answer your query.

D

E is the Egotist Dread
Who, as someone has wittily said,
Will talk till he's blue
About *Himself* when you
Want to talk about *Yourself* instead.

E

F's a Familiar Friend
Who loves Free Advice to extend;
Says he, for my part
I know nothing of Art
But I know what I like, my good
Friend.

F

G is a Grumbler Gruff
Whom everything puts in a huff;
If perchance he shall gain
Heaven's Gate he'll complain
Of his Halo or Harp like enough.

G

H is a Humorist glum.
Why sits he so doleful and dumb?
He's inventing some gay
Impromptu to say
When the Opportune Moment shall
come.

H

I's the Intensely Intense
Who dilates on the "Where" and
the "Whence"
The "Wherefore" & "Why"
And the "Ego" (or "I")
Not to mention the "Hither" and
"Hence."

I

J is a Johnnie, a Thing
Much affected by Fairies who Sing.
He is human in Shape,
With the Brain of an Ape,
And attached as a rule to a String.

J

K is the Kaiser unnerving,
With the terrible moustache upcurv-
ing.
One Man who can bore
A Planet *and more*
Is surely of mention deserving.

K

L's the Loquacious variety
Who is found in all sorts of Society.
He drinks in the sound
Of his own Voice till drown'd
In a species of self-inebriety.

L

M's a methodical man
Who talks with precision and plan.
Have a care how you balk
The stream of his talk,
Lest he go back to where he began.

M

N is a Newly Rich Boor,
An affliction that few can endure.
Some cases, with care
And complete change of Heir,
Take Three Generations to cure.

N

O is an Optimist glad
Who doesn't know how to be sad.
If he wakes up some day
In Hades, he'll say
"Well really it isn't so bad!"

O

P's a Poetical Bore
Who recites his own Lines by the score.
The Ladies, poor Dears,
Are all moved to Tears
And Strong Men are moved—to the Door.

P

Q is a Quoter who'll cite
His favorite authors, all night.
Tho' glowing with Thought,
Like the Moon he is naught
But a second-hand-dealer in Light.

Q

R's a Rabid Reformer whose prose
Insures you a health-giving doze,
One wouldn't much mind
If he'd only be kind
And NOT slam the door when he
goes.

R

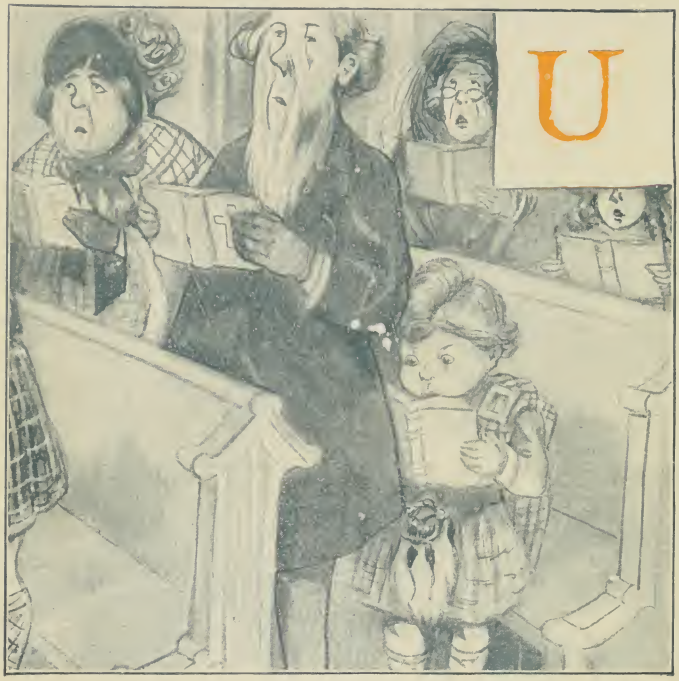
S is a Socialist rude
Who subsists on leguminous food,
Which he shyly explains
So enlarges his brains
Even Shakespeare beside Him is crude.

S

T is the Terrible Tot
Who says things he'd much better
not.
A Thing of that age
Should be kept in a cage
And fed (if at all) through a slot.

T

U is the Unco-guid Man
And all his unspeakable clan
With their "Braw Bonnie Brae,
Bide-awee, Scots Wha Hae—
Aweel, Dinna-ken, and Hoot-man!"


U

V is a Vain Virtuoso.
If you ask, "Pray what makes your
hair grow so,
Do you think it's a sign
Of Genius divine?"
He replies "I don't think so, I know so."

V

W's a well informed wight
Who loves to set everyone right.
If a word you misspell
Or misquote—he will swell
With Chastened and Holy delight.

W

X is for Xmas, a dear
Old Impostor who comes once a year,
With Wassails and Wishes
And death-dealing Dishes
And Chilblains and Chimes and Good
Cheer.

X

Y is the Yodeler whose Yell
Wakes the Echo on Mountain or
Fell.
"Poor Echo!" I say,
"To be wakened each day
By a Sound like a Feline unwell."

Y

Z is the Zealot whose Zeal
Takes the form of "An urgent
Appeal."
Tho' you wriggle and squirm
And protest, he sits firm
Till he lands you at last like an Eel.

Z

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